

# Home Magazine

## BETWEEN STATIONS.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
FRED STARRING was in a bad way. Though successful in business, clean-hearted and quite good-looking and well-dressed besides, he was in love.

He was afraid of girls, and Nell Bouche, who had turned his head and filled his heart so full that business had to hide in the corners of it, was the merriest, frankest and most mischievous of all the girls in Thornton.

She had no mercy for boys, she made comical young men feel like exposed criminals, and she made short work of the veteran beaux who liked to dangle about a spirited girl.

She could take her choice of the unmarried young men of Thornton, but she did not choose any of them, so what chance, Fred Starring asked himself, was there for him?

It was not his own fault that he was afraid of girls, for he had no sisters, and at the period of life when most young men are having a good time in society Fred was working at night, as well as by day, to master the ways of the mill business which his employer had promised to sell out to him at a given date.

His only chance to look at girls was when he was in church, and he improved it to the utmost.

Churches have their good points, but opportunities to chat with girls is not one of them.

Fred wished devoutly that it was, for when Nell Bouche stood up to sing or sat listening to the sermon her great gray eyes looked tender and earnest.

and her countenance was so noble and womanly that she appeared the most sympathetic creature that Fred had ever seen.

But when he met her on the street she always gave him a smile so mischievous and crooking as if she knew what was in his mind and was making fun of him, and when he accepted invitations to her parties she persisted in introducing him to girls who delighted in making a bashful man uncomfortable.

One day when Fred was returning by rail from a city not far from Thornton, and was trying to think of business, but unable to get his heart out of his head, Miss Nell herself entered the train at a way station and looked quickly about for some girl acquaintance to chat with.

Seeing none, she asked Fred frankly, and with a smile that for once was devoid of mischief, if she might share his seat.

"Delighted!" Fred murmured. "I'm sure you don't mean it," Nell replied, "for 'tis plain to see that your head's full of business. Ain't it right?"

"No—yes—of course you're right!"

"Go right on with it, then, I'll promise not to say a single word."

"But I don't want you to do that; that is, I wish you'd talk to me about it. I don't know any one who could do it more to the point."

"I talk about business? Oh, you're mistaken. I'm not one of the new women who think they're men's equals in everything, business included."

"Thank heaven!" Fred exclaimed so earnestly that Nell looked astonished. "But this business of mine—"



FRED SOFTLY EXTENDED ONE ARM BEHIND HER, WHILE WITH THE OTHER HE RAISED THE MIRROR.

the business that's troubling me is that I can't keep my mind on my business at all. It keeps going to—

"Well, to what?" Fred quickly looked out the car

## A STRANGE PROPOSAL.

## ABOUT THE BOOK THIEF.

### HOW AND WHEN HE ROBS.

"Yes," said the librarian, "I must confess that some very reputable people are book thieves. Do you see that shelf over there?"

He pointed toward a shelf on which were ranged some thirty volumes, says the Philadelphia Times.

"All those books were stolen from here," he said, "and I recovered them."

Among the books were Joseph Conrad's "Tales of Unrest," Herbert Crank's "Wreckage," George Moore's "Celestine," the works of Charles Lamb, the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen and a Bible.

"A messenger boy stole that Bible," said the librarian. "He was thin, and the waistband of his trousers was loose. He dropped that Bible down his waistband, and one of our young women saw him do it. She rushed to my office and told me, and I called the boy before he had got half-way down the stairs. We didn't let him go. Could any one be so bold as stealing a Bible?"

"Crackanthorpe's 'Wreckage' was stolen by a girl of twenty. She slipped the volume into a suit case she was carrying. I myself saw her commit this

crime, and when I delicately accused her she wept. She said the book was out of print in America and her book-seller had refused to import it for her. She had intended to return it after copying certain extracts she intended to use in her book."

"In the winter time many more books are stolen than in the summer. This is because men wear in the winter loose overcoats with huge pockets. Into which books may be slipped readily, and because women wear wraps, under which books may be easily concealed."

"It was last January that 'Celestine' was purloined by a wealthy lawyer sixty-eight years of age. He was a friend of mine, and I discovered his deed by chance, for on a visit to his country place I saw the volume stamped with our name, lying on his library table. He laughed on being accused. He said he had taken 'Celestine' in a fit of absent-mindedness. I expressed polite disbelief and carried the book home in my trunk on my return to town."

"We have never yet prosecuted anyone for stealing books. It is a thing we hesitate to do, because all whom we have detected in this crime have been, apparently, respectable—school teachers, clerks, physicians, lawyers and the like. We have a run in with one book thief a week on the average."

"Dear me!" sighed Nell. "How small she'll make the rest of us seem! Now I'm more than ever wild to hear her name. Remember, I shan't leave this

window. To something out there, beside the truck!" Nell continued.

"No—oh, no."

"Then, Mr. Starring, my father says, and I'm sure he knows, that if a man means to talk business honestly to any person he'll look that person full in the eye. Look at me—at once, or I shan't believe you were in earnest when you said my advice would be of some use to you."

That word "honestly" pricked Fred like a sword-point, so he turned his head and tried to look full into Nell's eyes. He never had seen them fuller or more transparent, but in a second he realized that they were looking deep into his own, and he felt his cheeks blazing.

"Oh—h—h—h!" murmured Nell, with a wealth of indignation that sounded like a storm. "I see! You're in love! You can't keep your mind on business because it keeps going off to—to—well, can't you see I'm waiting for her name?"

"Oh—L—L—L!" stammered Fred. "I can't tell you here, in a railroad train, before a lot of people."

"You needn't tell it to the people," said Nell. "I want you to tell it so softly that only I can hear it. I demand it! 'Tis the right of a woman who makes such a discovery in a man to be the first to know the girl's name—or if it isn't, it ought to be. Who is the girl? Whisper her name."

As she spoke Nell inclined her head gently toward him until the loose hairs about her face almost touched his own face, and her ear, cheek-oh, Fred had to set his lips firmly to keep from whispering "You!" and creating what he feared would be a startling disturbance.

"I'm listening," she whispered. "You may as well tell, for I shan't leave this train until you tell me. Who—this girl?"

"But," gasped Fred, sparring for time, "she isn't a girl—the book belongs to her. She has all of a girl's spirit and charm, but, besides, she is a superb woman—one of the kind that a man with any soul in him would worship all his days and all through eternity after. She's full of fun, but I've seen her often and often looking as I'm sure the best of the angels look. I don't know much about women, but I can spy out a soul as quick as any one, and that woman has a grand one in spite of all her fun."

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"In the winter time many more books are stolen than in the summer. This is because men wear in the winter loose overcoats with huge pockets. Into which books may be slipped readily, and because women wear wraps, under which books may be easily concealed."

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## MAY MANTON'S HELPS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING.

### SMART STREET COSTUME

Woman's Blouse in "Gibson" Style 4180.

Seven-Gored Flare Skirt 4088.

Canvas velveting in much in vogue for street wear and makes charming suits.

The stylish model illustrated combines one of the fashionable "Gibson" blouses, with a skirt that is out to flare gracefully and freely at the lower edge.

The original is in sage green, with bands of moire striped with black and white, and is worn over a bodice of pale green mousseline, but the color and combination can be varied again and again.

The blouse is perfectly simple; the back is plain and smooth, but the fronts include the deep plaits at the shoulders and blouse slightly over the belt.

The neck is open, cut on a round outline, and finished with a roll-over collar.

The front edges are cut in squares that give an ornamental effect, but may be made straight if preferred.

The sleeves are in bishop style, with roll-over cuffs, cut in squares to match the front. Below the waist is a basque with godolite that is joined to the lower edge of the blouse or to the belt.

The skirt is cut in seven gores that are curved to fit the figure at the upper portion, and to produce the fashionable flare at the lower portion.

The back is laid in flat inverted plaits, and the front can be shaped for the dip or round waist, as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for blouse 4½ yards 21 inches wide, ¾ yard 44 inches wide or 3 yards 32 inches wide; for skirt 9½ yards 21 inches wide, 6½ yards 25 inches wide or 6 yards 44 inches wide.

The blouse pattern 4180 is out in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

The skirt pattern 4088 is out in sizes for a 22, 24, 26 and 30-inch waist measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

If both patterns are wanted send 20 cents.

If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra two-cent stamp for each pattern, and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

Questions in dressmaking, whether they concern new dresses or the remodeling or making over of old ones, will be answered by May Manton in these columns.

Amy Lee—The Norfolk coats will be much worn this fall and are appropriate for mixed chevrons, of which yours is a very stylish sample. With this a box-plaited skirt is correct and would make a very smart and serviceable suit.

The Norfolk model may be made with or without a yoke and the box-plaited skirt may be long or walking length, whichever you prefer. This style will be worn all through the winter.

Mrs. Emma K.—Three yards of brilliant forty inches ought to be more than enough for a blouse to lengthen your five-gored skirt. Get pattern No. 4076, which has a circular outline, and you can trim it with folds or not, as you please. You could use a box plaited or tucked blouse, but I advise the circular model for your material.

R. O. W.—In the Gibson model the shoulder seam is joined before the deep plait is laid. This plait is formed by bringing the lines of perforations together and stitching one, two or three rows, if you like the decorative machine stitching. Stitch through two thicknesses only.

C. F. Albatross, velveting and cashmere are all exceedingly graceful materials for young girls' frocks and will make up well by No. 4131. You can substitute a plain round skirt at the top as deep as you wish. No. 4130, shown on Aug. 7, is also a good model and has a skirt tucked as you desire. Any pretty lace can be used—Venise or Irish point being very handsome.

Some years ago Attler, chief of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, was haled before Judge Johnson, of Oldtown, Me., for non-payment of a grocer's bill. After the examination the old chief quietly produced the money, handed it to the judge and asked for a receipt. The judge said no receipt was necessary—that he would see to it that the old redman was never again bothered for that particular bill. But Attler insisted and was asked why he was so anxious for a receipt in spite of the judge's promise.

"When me die and go to heaven, Great Spirit ask me if I pay all my honest debts. I say 'Yes.' Great Spirit say, 'Where your receipts?' Then me have to go all the way down to hell to hunt up Judge Johnson for proof."

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## MAY MANTON'S DAILY FASHION HINT.

This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which May Manton describes. World by following Miss Manton's directions in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening

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## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER AIDS PERPLEXED LOVERS.

Love Should Be Trusting.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am engaged to a man whom I think a great deal of, but he is very jealous of a former wife whom I do not care for and who still persists in annoying me with his attentions. Now can I make one understand and the other cease to annoy me?

"Oh! I am so perplexed," exclaimed the stranger. "I have an in-in-impediment in my in-in-impediment."

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## OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Little Edith's foot had fallen asleep. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "my foot feels just like a live pin-cushion!"

Papa—Always remember, my boy, that to-morrow never comes.

Little Fred—And to-morrow's my birthday. Now I suppose I won't have any.

Sunday-School Teacher—What do you suppose Jonah thought when he found himself inside the whale?